

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

WRITTEN BY

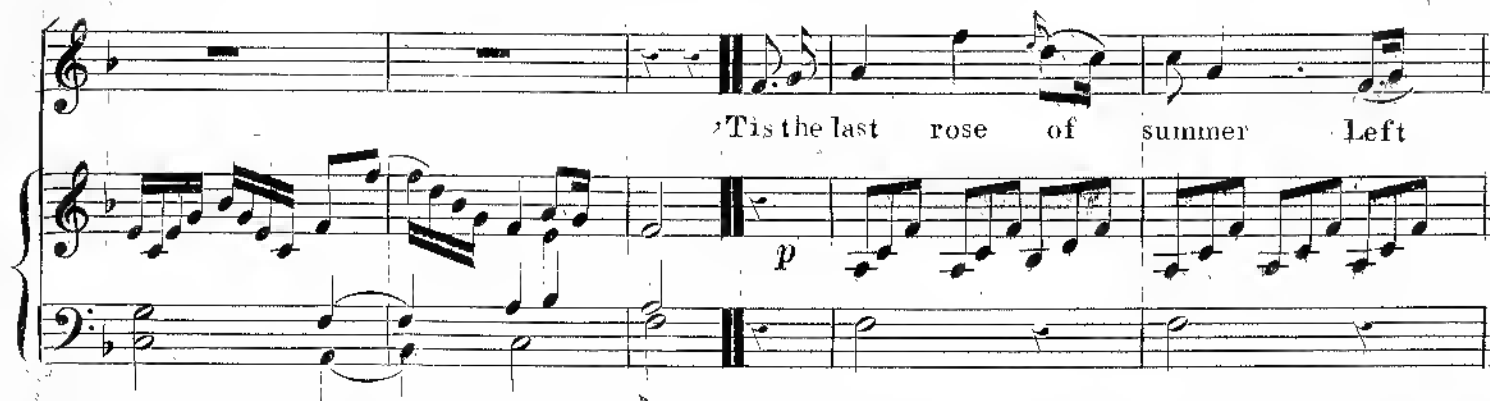
THOMAS MOORE,

Arranged by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON

St Louis BALMER & WEBER 46 Fourth St

Feelingly



gene, *fr* No flow'r of her kin dred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-

-flect back her blushes - Or give sigh for sigh! *tr*

2

3

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown
 Oh who would inhabit,
 This bleak world alone.